

The Sunday World
Published by the Press Publishing Company.

TUESDAY EVENING, MAY 26.

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE EVENING WORLD

(Including Postage):

PER MONTH.....\$0.05

PER YEAR.....\$0.60

Vol. 81.....No. 10,871

Entered at the Post-Office at New York as second-class matter.

NEW BRANCH OFFICES:
WORLD UPTOWN OFFICE: 1267 Broadway,
between 31st and 32nd sts., New York.
BROOKLYN: 359 FULTON ST. MARLBOROUGH
New Department, 160 East 125th St. Ad-
vertisements at 127 East 115th St.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.: LEADER BUILDING, 115
South 2nd St. WASHINGTON: 610 14th St.
LONDON OFFICE: 31 OCKLEY ST., TRAFALGAR
SQUARE.

Foundations For Fortunes.
"Business Opportunities"
Published in
THE WORLD.

1886	41,492
1887	44,709
1888	49,710
1889	54,519
1890	59,875

DO NOT PUT IT OFF.

The Free Doctors' Fund for the Sick Babies is something that cannot be too strongly impressed upon the readers of THE EVENING WORLD. The contributions which have come in already prove the same prompt sympathy with the human sorrow involved in the sickness of a poor child which has been so generously shown in past years. These good folk need no spur.

But it is to those who from a knave of procrastinating, or through a good-natured indolence, or on account of stress of business cares put off doing anything in this worthy cause that exhortation is in order. They, as a rule, are no more hard-hearted than anybody else. They simply feel that giving something to the Fund is not an urgent necessity.

This is not the right view to take. Those suffering children will be relieved by prompt aid and may escape much pain and affliction through early contributions to the Free Doctors' treasury. Do not delay. There is nothing gained by it. Send what you intend to send at once. You do more good and it costs no more.

TOO SOBER.

The candidates for the position of Police Matrons have been put through a course of questions to test their capacity for the duties of the office. The questions were practical enough, but it should be borne in mind that a woman who would be quite equal to the practical solution of a difficulty might not give a good answer as to what she would do when the case is theoretically put.

Common-sense, a good temper and knowledge of human nature are the main qualifications demanded in a police matron. As the office is one to be created, the practical duties must be learned chiefly by experience, and to demand of a woman a clear, adequate idea of just what she would do in an emergency does not seem an altogether fair test.

A woman with the qualities aforesaid and proper degree of firmness will be likely to fulfill the duties of Police Matron satisfactorily, and it will probably be safe to select such even if they do halt over writing the absolutely correct theoretic answers to categorical questions.

THE WAY OF ONE TRANSGRESSOR.

Burdens accumulate upon the erring head of Philadelphia's ex-City Treasurer, JOHN BARDELL. Prostrated by sickness, he is guarded at his home by the officers of the criminal law, with the prospect of jail life before him should he recover sufficiently to be moved from his bed. Confronted by charges of misappropriating \$50,000 of the city's money and also funds belonging to the State, he could only secure even a form of liberty by furnishing \$50,000 bail, and should be finally held to secure this surety he will still be held under surveillance, it is announced, since pending investigations are likely to show new delinquencies at any moment.

In the case of this transgressor the way is certainly proving a hard one, and from the vigorous conduct of the search for evidence to be used in the prosecution harder times yet seem in store for BARDELL.

It is estimated that BARDELL's required bail total represents one-third of the public money his mismanagement has either lost or endangered.

On the face of it there seems no excuse for the cold-blooded shooting of Private McLEAN, of Battery I, at Fort Hamilton by Private NELSON, of Battery A. The soldiers, it seems, beguile their leisure in the evening by betting at a hotel near the fort. McLEAN had accused NELSON of winning by sharp practice.

NELSON thereupon got his gun and, later, shot McLEAN, who died last night of the wound. Such an affair is as enough at best, but to take place among Government troops gives it the nature of a scandal, and the ill-savor of it is not helped by the statement that if every responsible subordinate at the fort had done his duty the tragedy could not have occurred.

The case of a Maryland Sheriff in regard to three men, of the same name is very delicate.

ful. He paid money he owed to No. 1 to No. 2, and then when No. 1 claimed the debt imprisoned No. 2 in the belief that he was the unjust No. 2. Whereupon No. 3 sued for malicious prosecution and recovered \$400. Everybody except the Sheriff and No. 1 seem to have profited by the fact that there were three of a kind.

When the unversing dog-catcher bags some canine darling the indignation aroused in the feminine owner of the dog is not always tempered with reason. A Long Island lady whose pet had been incarcerated in the pound suffered forth to his rescue in high dudgeon. There was no official in sight, so she opened the inclosure to get her pet. Naturally, all the impounded dogs burst forth to freedom with a bay of delight. It looks as if it were only justice to exact the fees for this wholesale jail-delivery from the lady.

A theatrical manager who was playing an "Uncle Tom's Cabin" troupe felt that the old play needed some novel attractions, and accordingly introduced a balloon ascension and a parachute jump. The balloon in coming down injured several chimney and there was a row by the townpeople, which resulted in the evergreen manager's getting up \$25. Hereafter he will stick to straight histories or get a steering gear for his balloon.

The proceedings of the L. road towards a third track construction, under the thin guise of the "aiding and switching" allowed by law, is a sufficient indication of what a grabbing would ensue if the corporation were allowed the local increase of license in the parks.

JAY GOULD might have said, with the villain in the play, "I am discovered." But it would not have been like him to have added, "All is lost," when the police stopped his third-track building in Columbus avenue.

WARNER MILLER says it is certain that Dr. DEWEY can, if he wants it, have the Republican nomination for Governor. He modestly adds that, for himself, he had enough of it the last time he ran.

The question as to who said FARETT might be Chairman of the State Committee threatens the recently discovered Republican harmony.

"Secretary BLAINE up and dressed," says a morning paper. That was the way RUSSIN found him.

The North Woods will repay the State a thousand fold for their preservation.

Remember the Free Doctors' Fund.

SPOTLIGHTS.

The Pension Bureau has too many drawers in it.

Some of a singer's highest notes are those she takes into her pocketbook.

The Census wedding will have a great report.

The best ship in the harbor is an awfully rich dad.

The sunlight falls on sunset walls.

The first wind blows through the editor's whiskers.

And the slippers blow out the fire.

A shooting star was never known to hit the mark.

The short cabdriver of the West is now on the tracks of the locomotive, much to the cost of both.

When a neat child falls into the hands of the Canibals they are not satisfied. They immediately try to find an easier.

The Duchess of Marlborough will remain a sentence of this century, because she would have lots to say to the world.

Who can look for much from our climate when the Springs are so evidently out of repair?

WORLDLINGS.

The distinction of being the most beautiful woman in Europe is credited to the Countess Arzner de Rochefort, a Parisian belle. She is a blonde, with blue eyes and regular features, and is said to be a living reproduction in face and figure of Marie Antoinette.

Caprice, the new German Chancellor, has a face that reminds the observer of Bismarck's. In manner, however, he is totally unlike the man of blood and iron. For he is mild, conciliatory and courteous.

The late Prime Minister of Japan had led his office continuously for twenty years, a long time when the proverbial sickness of Oriental rulers is taken into consideration. He was greatly respected by princes and people alike.

One of the prominent preachers of North Dakota is Miss Charles E. Bartlett, a young woman who stepped from a newspaper office into the pulpit. She is said to be successful in her new field and is popular with her large congregation.

One of the youngest of railroad presidents is Col. F. E. Oakes, who is at the head of the Northern Pacific system. He is forty years old and began his railroad experience as a rodman.

A New Milton.

(From the Washington Star.)
"Where there is a will, there is a way," said the other day," he inquired of the editor.

"There," responded the editor, pointing to the waste basket.

"Ah," he smiled, "I didn't know before that I was the author of 'Paradise Lost,'" and the editor thereupon embraced him to his throbbing bosom with a wild hysterical laugh.

Rough on the Monkey.
(From Texas Nipper.)

One of the professors of the University of Texas was engaged in explaining the Darwinian theory to his class, when he asserted that they were not paying proper attention.

"Gentlemen," said the professor, "when I am endeavoring to explain to you the probabilities of the monkey I wish you would look right at me."

The Arithmetic of Housekeeping.
(From the Paris Figure.)

M. Gallard presents himself at the fire insurance company's office with his policy.

"I wish to draw my indemnity," he said.

"Monseigneur's property has been devoured by flames?"

"Not that. But I have just moved to a new flat for the second time, and you know that moving twice is equivalent to being once burnt out."

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. L. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

SKETCHES BY M. QUAD.

Jimmy Got the Cake.
"And where are you going, Katy?" called a Houston street mother from a third-story window to her daughter on the sidewalk.
"Over to Mrs. Johnson's to inquire about her sick boy."
"Well, go on; but remember that if she begins to brag that his pulse has been up to 110, you want to say that our Jimmy's pulse was that and was 15 better the week he had the measles. Don't let her bluff you on pulses."

He Floated.
"All out!" called the conductor of a bridge train car as it stopped at the Brooklyn end. "I say you—all out!"
Every one was out but a thin and weary-looking dude, who asked:
"Conductah, has the motion ceased?"
"All out!"
"Because, ye know, if the motion has not ceased, and a feller tries to go out, there comes a reaction which propels him backward."
"Get out!"
"Conductah, the motion seems to have quite disappeared, and the danger of being propelled backward no longer exists. I will therefore descend from the cab with all possible rapidity—aw!"

Striking a Job.
Yesterday morning a man stood leaning against the back wall of the Post-Office and looking down Broadway, when a bootblack slid up to him and propounded the customary inquiry.

"Boy, do you know who I am?" demanded the stranger with a great deal of pomposity in his tones.

"You let I do! Some of the kids might take you for a Ulica Alderman, but I'm on to you bigger'n a house! You're the man who is going to be our next Governor!"

"You can shine," he said as he put out his foot, and when the job was completed, he handed over a quarter and didn't wait for the change.

He Was Liberal.
He had imbibed just enough to feel big-hearted towards all the world, and after the train which he took to cross the bridge had got started he went to the door and queried of one of the guards on the platform:

"Anything to pay?"
"No; you paid at the office."
"But I only paid three cents."
"Well, take the fare."

"Here—take ten. I don't want to be mean about this."

"You have paid enough, sir."

"All right—all right—just as you say about it, but if you should change your mind let me know. When I'm out with the boys I always want to win up my full share. No brains on my back, and don't you forget it. Give you a dollar if you say so."

"All right—let'er flicker! My name is Climax—Jim Climax, and any time you want to raise the fare to fifty cents count me in."

Buying a Goddess.
Up at the Grand Central Depot the other day a man with four or five bundles on the seat beside him was waiting for his train.

It so happened that another waiting passenger asked him a question or two, and the pair were soon chatting away as men, and by number one took up one of his parcels and said:

"I'd like your judgment on this purchase. Are you up on art?"

"Why, I'm fairly well posted, I think."

"I don't pretend to be. I'm only a plain farmer, and I know more about pumpkins than art. One of my gals is a school teacher, and she's right on the top notch of art, spellin' and tellin' the names of States and Governors. I bought her this piece of statuary as a present. Mebbe I've hit it, and mebbe not. What sort of stuff is it, to begin with?"

"That's plaster of Paris."

"Come from Paris, eh? Orter be purty good. What does the figure represent?"

"A Grecian goddess, I should say."

"Well, that orter be all right. I'd prefer a Michigan or Wisconsin goddess, as I've got some land out there, but I couldn't afford to be particular. What's the value of it?"

"You paid a quarter, perhaps."

"The feller wanted a quarter, but I beat him down to fifteen cents. Looks purty near like marble, don't it?"

"Quite so."

"Is the position what they call classical?"

"I think so."

"Got plenty of clothes on?"

"Yes."

"Expression of the face all right for a goddess?"

"It is very good, indeed."

"Is it good 'nuff to stand on a parlor organ with only one lamp in the room?"

"Quite so."

"Well, I'm glad to hear it. It was a little rocky me picking it out, but I guess it will pass. I'll call it Hanner, a Grecian goddess, who was a boss school-teacher. If it happens to strike my gal all right, it's a go. If it don't, she'll knock her head off at one swipe, and I'll use the pieces to chink up rat holes."

M. QUAD.

HELPING HANDS.

The Babies Will Want Many of Them This Year.

The More Money Received the More Good Can Be Done.

Send In Your Mites, Then, Without Delay.

THE SUBSCRIPTIONS:

"The Evening World".....\$100.00
Previously acknowledged.....294.75
Baker's Newheart.....25
Baker's Newheart.....1.00
Baker's Newheart.....1.00

A Sweetheart's Gift.
To the Editor:
Here is \$25 for the Free Doctors' Fund from LITTLE FRANKLIN'S SWEETHEART.

Another Friend.
To the Editor:
Inclosed please find \$1 for the Sick Baby Fund.

Everybody who subscribes to the fund for providing a corps of doctors to attend sick babies gratuitously will have the satisfaction of knowing that their money is applied to cases where charity is absolutely needed, and where every penny meets with a heartfelt blessing for the donor.

To be a baby is a misfortune, even in high life. He is the victim of a refined system of torture, from safety pins that are not safe, and nursing that tells the name, and soothing syrups that are as rasping in their influence as the colic. But to be a baby in low life, handicapped by poverty and disease, is most deplorable. It would seem the utmost depths of misfortune were reached when a little child brought face to face with privation should be hindered in the fight for existence by discomfort, fever, crumbling bones and dislocated limbs.

To give proper medicines and food, and oftentimes the means for procuring fresh air to the sick babies, is a most worthy charity, and every one should do what they can to further the scheme.

A densely populated tenement-house on a hot day is a sight that need not be fully appreciated, and the confinements of a newspaper column are inadequate to fully picture all the misery, sickness and poverty which is seen at every turn.

It is astonishing how much good can be done with a few dollars in one of these tenement-houses. Proper medicines and valuable hygienic advice are given to the loving but ignorant mothers, who are pursuing a wrong course of treatment for their offspring. It takes but a small sum to purchase the necessary food and medicine for a sick child, so that with a large fund the amount of good that can be done is incalculable.

There is no necessity of waiting until the hot season is upon us. A dollar subscribed now will be worth two later in the season, as it can be used as a precautionary measure now, where in other cases help might come too late.

VAGRANT VERSES.

The Cause of It.
"A bad slip-up on the shore made this morning," said old Warden Tappan. "One you explain to me the cause of such a general collapse?"

"The organist was off his base," the lecturer said with show of grief. "And therefore it may be assumed that you explain to me the cause of such a general collapse?"

Five Little Chickens.
Said the first little chicken,
"With a queer little squawk:
"Oh, I wish I could find
A fat little worm!"

Said the next little chicken,
"With a little squawk:
"Oh, I wish I could find
A fat little worm!"

Said the third little chicken,
"With a sharp little squawk:
"Oh, I wish I could find
A fat little worm!"

Said the fourth little chicken,
"With a small squawk:
"Oh, I wish I could find
A fat little worm!"

Said the fifth little chicken,
"With a faint little squawk:
"Oh, I wish I could find
A fat little worm!"

"Now, see here," said the mother. "From the green garden patch, you just come and scratch."

Varities of Earthenware.
We are all made of clay; and I am sure you are. And some are useless bric-a-brac and some are common to the masses.

Women Architects.
And so a woman took the prize for her design in architecture. "Do her honor, I conjure you. This woman's work puts on new features: They always wear dazzling creases."

An Eye to Economy.
(From the Schlarbische Zeitung.)
Wife (to her husband who is writing notes of invitation to a dinner): "Now, Kar, don't forget to invite Prof. Watzig. He is so ugly that the very sight of him will spoil the appetite of all the other guests."

The Two Men Had a Fit.
(From the Columbus Dispatch.)
"A man just had a fit up here on High street."
"Did you look at him?"
"Yes."
"No wonder."

There isn't any "just as good" as

Knapp's Root Beer Extract

Root Beer in five minutes persuaded to take any other.

Don't be persuaded to take any other.

Knapp's Root Beer Extract

Root Beer in five minutes persuaded to take any other.

Don't be persuaded to take any other.

Knapp's Root Beer Extract

Root Beer in five minutes persuaded to take any other.

Don't be persuaded to take any other.

Knapp's Root Beer Extract

Root Beer in five minutes persuaded to take any other.

Don't be persuaded to take any other.

Knapp's Root Beer Extract

THE WAYS OF WOMAN FAIR.

Fads, Fashions and Fancies That Delight the Gentler Sex.

Hats for Youthful Faces—The Care of Children's Heads—Silk Skirt Foundations Not Successful—Shirts and Blouses for Women—Pretty House Dresses.

Four-cornered military hats are held by a rosette of velvet ribbon on each upturned point, and should only be worn over a youthful, jaunty face. A large flat bow on the left side of a hat is the newest departure from the universal trimming in the back. English bonnets are as flat as an upturned saucer, with a flat bow on one side, flowers in front and velvet ribbon ties.

A Sweetheart's Gift.
To the Editor:
Here is \$25 for the Free Doctors' Fund from LITTLE FRANKLIN'S SWEETHEART.

Another Friend.
To the Editor:
Inclosed please find \$1 for the Sick Baby Fund.

Everybody who subscribes to the fund for providing a corps of doctors to attend sick babies gratuitously will have the satisfaction of knowing that their money is applied to cases where charity is absolutely needed, and where every penny meets with a heartfelt blessing for the donor.

To be a baby is a misfortune, even in high life. He is the victim of a refined system of torture, from safety pins that are not safe, and nursing that tells the name, and soothing syrups that are as rasping in their influence as the colic. But to be a baby in low life, handicapped by poverty and disease, is most deplorable. It would seem the utmost depths of misfortune were reached when a little child brought face to face with privation should be hindered in the fight for existence by discomfort, fever, crumbling bones and dislocated limbs.

To give proper medicines and food, and oftentimes the means for procuring fresh air to the sick babies, is a most worthy charity, and every one should do what they can to further the scheme.

A densely populated tenement-house on a hot day is a sight that need not be fully appreciated, and the confinements of a newspaper column are inadequate to fully picture all the misery, sickness and poverty which is seen at every turn.

It is astonishing how much good can be done with a few dollars in one of these tenement-houses. Proper medicines and valuable hygienic advice are given to the loving but ignorant mothers, who are pursuing a wrong course of treatment for their offspring. It takes but a small sum to purchase the necessary food and medicine for a sick child, so that with a large fund the amount of good that can be done is incalculable.

There is no necessity of waiting until the hot season is upon us. A dollar subscribed now will be worth two later in the season, as it can be used as a precautionary measure now, where in other cases help might come too late.

VAGRANT VERSES.

The Cause of It.
"A bad slip-up on the shore made this morning," said old Warden Tappan. "One you explain to me the cause of such a general collapse?"

"The organist was off his base," the lecturer said with show of grief. "And therefore it may be assumed that you explain to me the cause of such a general collapse?"

Five Little Chickens.
Said the first little chicken,
"With a queer little squawk:
"Oh, I wish I could find
A fat little worm!"

Said the next little chicken,
"With a little squawk:
"Oh, I wish I could find
A fat little worm!"

Said the third little chicken,
"With a sharp little squawk:
"Oh, I wish I could find
A fat little worm!"

Said the fourth little chicken,
"With a small squawk:
"Oh, I wish I could find
A fat little worm!"

Said the fifth little chicken,
"With a faint little squawk:
"Oh, I wish I could find
A fat little worm!"

"Now, see here," said the mother. "From the green garden patch, you just come and scratch."

Varities of Earthenware.
We are all made of clay; and I am sure you are. And some are useless bric-a-brac and some are common to the masses.

Women Architects.
And so a woman took the prize for her design in architecture. "Do her honor, I conjure you. This woman's work puts on new features: They always wear dazzling creases."

An Eye to Economy.
(From the Schlarbische Zeitung.)
Wife (to her husband who is writing notes of invitation to a dinner): "Now, Kar, don't forget to invite Prof. Watzig. He is so ugly that the very sight of him will spoil the appetite of all the other guests."

The Two Men Had a Fit.
(From the Columbus Dispatch.)
"A man just had a fit up here on High street."
"Did you look at him?"
"Yes."
"No wonder."

There isn't any "just as good" as

Knapp's Root Beer Extract

Root Beer in five minutes persuaded to take any other.

Don't be persuaded to take any other.

Knapp's Root Beer Extract

Root Beer in five minutes persuaded to take any other.

Don't be persuaded to take any other.

Knapp's Root Beer Extract